

Good Morning 632

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A Portsmouth Call for Tel. John Lee

HERE is a happy "snap" looking after the garden seems from 66, Aberdare-road, East Cosham, Portsmouth, for Telegraphist John Lee. Congratulations, John, on such a charming fiancée!

Miss Lilian Honeysett is her name, and she is engaged in the City Treasurer's office at Portsmouth.

Like attracts like, for we hear, John, that your own job in "Civvy Street" was also municipal finance—in the rating department at Camberwell. N.A.L.G.O. brought John and Lilian together. They found they had many ideas in common, and—well, there you are. Our photographer caught Miss Honeysett in the garden giving her "mount" a clean up after work one Saturday afternoon. Incidentally, that's a job she would like to put out! So, John, some day it's up to you.

The lawn at Aberdare-avenue is very attractively kept, and all the members of the family take an occasional turn at rolling it, but the main job of

Lieut. A. Honeysett still has his hands full with his naval duties. He first joined the Service about 51 years ago, was recalled during the present war, and is still going strong. Miss Honeysett's two brothers—one in the R.A.F. and the other invalided out—are not often home.

Still, Miss Honeysett tells us that time does not lie idle on her hands. She is a member of the dramatic section of N.A.L.G.O., which has given several concerts to the inmates of the local hospitals this year.

We are pleased to tell you, John, that your letters are coming through regularly, and no doubt you are getting Lilian's in return.

She is also keeping in touch with your mother at Bedford, and everyone is now waiting on the top line to hear whether your sister has passed her "matric."

Home Town Gossip

WITHIN three months after the defeat of Germany, Welsh broadcasting from the Cardiff station is to start again. Mr. W. J. Haley, Director-General of the B.B.C., told that to the business men of Cardiff. He wants to see more talent giving Welsh fare, he said.

There are great chances for ambitious broadcasters; special plans are under way for running commentaries of Welsh matches and, as never before, an all-Welsh programme will soon be on the air.

HELLOS "GET OFF."

CUPID is working overtime among the "Hello Girls" of South Wales and the border counties. But the palm for war weddings goes to Hereford Exchange, where 17 girls have married in the last three years. In six months one supervisor and five of her assistants have trod the altar-way.

NURSES IN GERMANY.

TWO Welsh girls, the first to land in France after D-Day, also claim the honour of being the first into Germany.

They are Miss Margaret Phillips, of Llandudno, and Miss Elizabeth Hughes, of Aberystwyth.

They are with a casualty clearing station unit, which has had 30 different locations in France, Belgium and Holland.

WALKED 174,000 MILES.

IT is 3,000 miles to Canada. So you can work out how many times old soldier Bill Thatcher, of Peterston-super-Ely, Glam., has done the equivalent of that trip. Village postman is Bill, noted for his spick-and-span appearance.

After 39 years he has retired, and they thought so much about him that the Ven. R. W. Jones, Archdeacon of Llandaff, came along

WHEN travelling from London to Reading by train, you used to know when it was time to get your luggage from the rack, by the appearance of strips of colourful flowers at the side of the line, on the outskirts of the town.

But in these days the Floral Mile has gone utilitarian. Uninteresting rows of vegetables have taken the place of the gay blooms, and nowadays you take your cue from the gasworks—not nearly so pleasant a sight, and one on which your eyes would not willingly linger.

Unfortunately, by an irony of fate they have to. For it is my experience that the train, having made a quick run from Paddington, almost invariably lingers opposite them for anything up to twenty minutes before the engine pulls the carriages into the long platform at Reading station.

The railway approaches are not inviting. There is much that is ugly in the first glimpses of the town, and travellers may be excused for thinking it uninspiring. But that is not really so.

True, Reading has none of the beauties of many other towns and cities which shared the romance of the Civil War and, farther back, the brutal vagaries of King Henry VIII. And it has not opened welcoming arms to the amenities of modern architecture. It remains largely Victorian, with a Georgian touch in some of the older residential quarters, and you have to search a bit to discover the remaining traces of its historical associations.

Biscuits, seeds and engineering have made the modern Reading, and in doing so have not distinctly added to the architectural appeal of the town.

Still, you have only to walk from the station through the market place, across Broadstreet, to the Ship Hotel to enjoy a pint of beer beneath the timbers of Elizabethan England. And if, refreshed in body, you desire to follow your thirst for history, you go back across the market place and down a short street, you will come to the entry to the Forbury Gardens.

At the further end of the gardens still stands part of the great Benedictine Abbey, the third most important in the land, which King Harry pinched from the monks in the days when he was amassing the wealth of the Catholic Church into his own, and his friends' hands.

When the Abbey was pulled down, some of the stones were used to build one of the town's churches. The rest, except for the ruins still remaining, have disappeared. They were probably used to build houses which have long vanished.

While on the subject, it may be worth mentioning that the three-hundredth anniversary of the death of Archbishop Laud was observed in Reading on January 10 this year. Laud was Reading's principal "old boy." He was the son of a local clothier. Born in 1573 he had his head cut off for getting on the wrong side (the King's) during the

to a "do" to present him with a cheque and inscribed album, paying the villagers' tribute.

He said Bill had walked 17 to 20 miles a day for six days, and he calculated he had covered a distance of 174,000 miles. He served in the Boer and last



struggle between the Crown and Parliament, just prior to the Civil War.

Though it suffered at the hands of the marauding Danes, was besieged during the Civil War and was the seat of Parliament on several occasions, Reading never quite reached top line in the history books.

The present war has left no very noticeable marks on the town. Except for one "incident," it has hardly felt the hand of enemy bombers. An exile, returning to his home town after years of absence would find things very much the same; might find his favourite pubs in the same surroundings, blow a kiss to the statue of Queen Victoria, unsocially turning her back on the town; and find the main streets, the bye-ways and alleys still as of old.

He would even notice that the tramlines which were to have been taken up when the trolley-buses came in, sometime before the war, were still there to remind him of the little brown trams that once took him from the town's centre to the outer districts of Earleigh and the Oxford Road.

He might be a bit astonished to find that the destination boards on buses and trolley-buses bore the names of so many public houses, instead of place names. This happened when the Town Council decided that the Germans, emulating the Danes, might try to invade the Thames Valley. Place names, they realised, might give the enemy valuable information—so they changed the names on the destination boards, in many cases to those of convenient pubs.

It must be admitted that to the visitor the effect is confusing, though encouraging if he seeks conviviality. Actually, Reading, as shown by the latest statistics, is the most sober town (not city) in England. With a population of 97,000, and 225 licensed premises, there were only five cases of drunkenness last year.

Part of the reason for this is

the Watch Committee's policy of closing "undesirable" drinking places. The chairman has said, "I don't think we have got a single 'rawdust' bar left. We have weeded out the shoddy houses over a period of years and all those left are clean and up to date."

Another reason may be that there are so many attractive places of entertainment in the town—good films, plays, well-organised dances are usually waiting to amuse the pleasure seeker.

But, of course, the River is one of Reading's chief summer-time attractions. Nowadays it

And what Reading man does not know the "Angel," at Theale, the Hart Woods above Pangbourne, the commons of Peppard and the fir woods of Mortimer. Happy days, by motor coach, car, bus or cycle (made for two?)—they will return when the boys get back.

"Biscuit Town" has done a great deal in a quiet way to help the war effort and so bring the boys back quicker. Its industries have been kept fully geared. Perhaps one of the minor differences to be seen in the town these days is the increase in the numbers of workers going to their jobs or returning in the evening.

Although Reading will not have the opportunity to modernise itself in the way open to many cities and towns which have borne the devastating blows of the blitz, it has its plans ready for to-morrow, and to-morrow will soon come.

Since the old County Theatre was burned down, the Reading Palace of Varieties is the only stage in the town. And here on any night you may drop in, you will find friends in this almost family atmosphere encouraged by the popular manager, Dick Langley.

The Palace usually runs a variety show, though it has housed every kind of show during past years, including some good straight drama.

Alex Cracks

Stout Lady: "I would like to see an evening-dress that would fit me."

Assistant: "So would I, madam."

Gunsmith: "What can I do for you?"

Gloomy-looking Customer: "I bought a revolver from you yesterday, and I want you to take it back. I've changed my mind."

"Why did she leave her job?" "Her boss said something she didn't like."

"What was that?"

"He fired her!"

is very much less used than in days of peace, when the water at Caversham Bridge was often crowded with girls and men in colourful parties or less obvious, but no less happy, couples, rowing, punting or paddling the broad stream up to Mapledurham or Whitchurch or—for the more energetic—as far as the river-side village of Pangbourne.

Reading is fortunate in its surrounding countryside. Sonning, one of the prettiest villages in England, is only four miles up the road (a little further by river)—a place of mellow old houses, pleasant pubs and winding lanes.

Throw bricks at us if you like (the Editor is building a house, anyway) but for goodness sake WRITE!

Address:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

They had never Kissed —and Desire was Dead

Concluding
JACK LONDON'S
Story "When
God Laughs"

PERHAPS it was out of their heredity that they achieved this unholy concept. The breed will out, and sometimes most fantastically. Thus in them did cursed Albion array herself a scheming wanton, a bold, cold-calculating, and artful hussy. After all, I do not know.

"But this I know: it was out of their inordinate desire for joy that they forwent joy."

"As he said (I read it long afterwards in one of his letters to her: 'To hold you in my arms, close, and yet not close. To yearn for you, and never to have you, and so always to have you.' And she: 'For you to be always just beyond my reach. To be ever attaining you, and yet never attaining you, and for this to last for

ever, always fresh and new, and always with the first flush upon us."

"That is not the way they said it. On my lips their love-philosophy is mangled. And who am I to delve into their soul-stuff? I am a frog, on the dank edge of a great darkness, gazing goggle-eyed at the mystery and wonder of their flaming souls."

"And they were right, as far as they went. Everything is good . . . as long as it is unpossessed. Satiation and possession are Death's horses; They run in span."

"But they were wiser. They would not kiss and part. They would not kiss at all, and thus they planned to stay at Love's topmost peak. They married."

"O love, not yet! . . .

Sweet, let us keep our love
Wrapped round with sacred
mystery awhile . . ."

—you remember how she could play? She used to laugh, sometimes, and doubt whether it was for them I came, or for the music. She called me a 'music-sot,' once, a 'sound-debauchee.' What a voice he had! When he sang I believed in immortality, my regard for the gods grew almost patronizing, and I devised ways and means whereby I surely could outwit them and their tricks."

"It was a spectacle for God, that man and woman, years married, and singing love songs with a freshness virginal as new-born Love himself, with a ripeness and wealth of ardour that young lovers can never know."

"Young lovers were pale and anaemic beside that long-married pair. To see them, all fire and flame and tenderness, at a trembling distance, lavishing caresses of eye and voice with every action, through every silence—their love driving them towards each other, and they withholding like fluttering moths, each to the other a candle-flame, and revolving each about the other in the mad gyrations of an amazing orbit-flight!"

"I have wandered. Now the clue. One day in the window-seat I found a book of verse. It opened of itself, betraying long habit, to 'Love's Waiting Time.' The page was thumbbed and limp with overhandling, and there I read:—

"So sweet it is to stand but just apart,

To know each other better, and to keep
The soft, delicious sense of two that touch . . .

O love, not yet! . . .
Sweet, let us keep our love
Wrapped round with sacred mystery awhile,
Waiting the secret of the coming years,
That come not yet, not yet
sometime . . .
not yet

"I folded the book on my thumb and sat there silent and without moving for a long time. I was stunned by the clearness of vision the verse had imparted to me. It was illumination. It was like a bolt of God's lightning in the Pit. They would keep Love, the fickle sprite, the forerunner of young life—young life that is imperative to be born!"

"I coned the lines over in my mind—'Not yet, sometime'—'O Love, not yet.' And I laughed aloud. I saw with white vision their blameless souls."

"They were children. They did not understand. They played with Nature's fire and bedded with a naked sword. They laughed at the gods."

"They would stop the cosmic sap. They had invented a system, and brought it to the gaming-table of life, and expected to win out. 'Beware!' I cried. 'The gods are behind the table. They make new rules for every system that is (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A tucket is a turn-in on a dress, flourish of trumpets, frill, good meal?
2. What very common flowering tree is variously known as Aggie, Chucky - cheese, Hogarves, Wickens, God's Meat?
3. What is the difference between (a) occlude, (b) occult?
4. What are the meanings of

the girls' names. (a) Gillian, (b) Helen (or Ellen)?

5. What would you do with a sarabande: eat it, wear it, dance to it, drink it?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Full-stop, Comma, Colon, Apostrophe, Dash, Hyphen.

Answers to Quiz in No. 631

1. Coarse knitting.
2. Dog Rose.
3. 1936.
4. (a) Noble, (b) Frank, free.
5. Contralto.
6. 27, because its digits do not add up to 8.

You were in England at the time. And never was there such a marriage. They kept their secret to themselves. I did not know, then. Their rapture's warmth did not cool. Their love burned with increasing brightness. Never was there anything like it. The time passed, the months, the years, and ever the flame-winged lute-player grew more resplendent.

"Everybody marvelled. They became the wonderful lovers, and they were greatly envied. Sometimes women pitied her because she was childless; it is the form the envy of such creatures takes."

"And I did not know their secret. I pondered and I marvelled. At first I had expected, subconsciously I imagine, the passing of their love. Then I became aware that it was Time that passed and Love that remained. Then I became curious. What was their secret? What were the magic fetters with which they bound Love to them? How did they hold the graceless elf? What elixir of eternal love had they drunk together as had Tristram and Iseult of old time? And whose hand had brewed the fairy drink?"

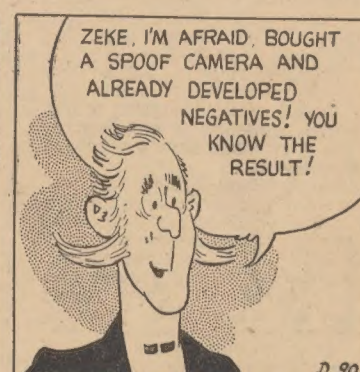
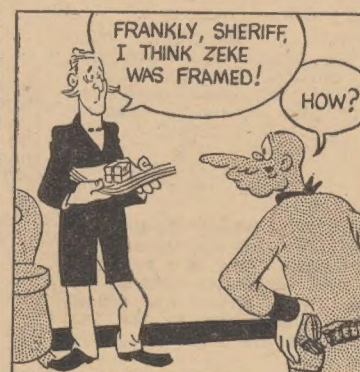
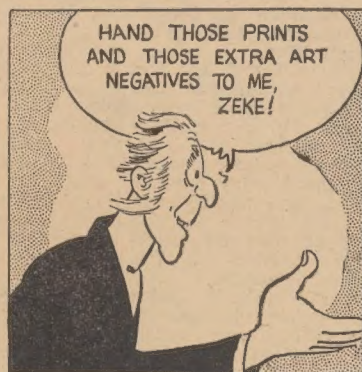
"As I say, I was curious, and I watched them. They were love-mad. They lived in an unending revel of Love. They made a pomp and ceremonial of it. They saturated themselves in the art and poetry of Love."

"No, they were not neurotics. They were sane and healthy, and they were artists. But they had accomplished the impossible. They had achieved deathless desire."

"And I? I saw much of them and their everlasting miracle of Love. I puzzled and wondered, and then one day

Carquinez broke off abruptly and asked, 'Have you ever read 'Love's Waiting Time'?' I shook my head. 'Page wrote it—Curtis Hidden Page, I think. Well, it was that bit of verse that gave me the clue. One day, in the window-seat near the big piano

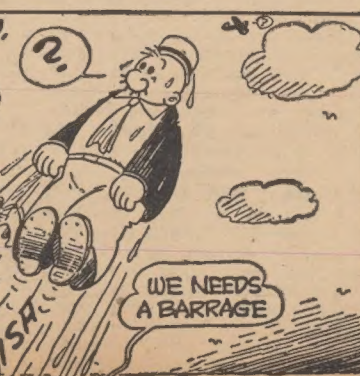
BELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



CHICHESTER, Midhurst and Petworth Division of the Sussex Beekeepers' Association held their annual meeting in the old kitchen at the Bishop's Palace, Chichester, recently. Mr. L. R. Evans (Divisional Chairman) presided, supported by the Ven. Archdeacon C. P. S. Clarke (President), and Mr. L. Lock (Hon. Secretary of the County Association).

The Chairman, presenting the report and accounts, said the past year was a poor one from the point of view of honey production, although West Sussex was not so bad in that respect as East Sussex and Kent. The membership in the division had increased from 179 to 187 at the end of 1944. Successful lectures were held at Chichester and Petworth, as well as eight outdoor demonstrations, and the division again ran a section at the Chichester Red Cross show, raising £38 10s. 3d.

The report recorded a satisfactory increase in the amount of honey contributed for the benefit of submarine units, but the Chairman remarked that they were beaten by the Worthing division, with whom they must renew their challenge this year.

THE meeting was addressed by Mr. H. Lock on the work and post-war plans of the Association. He mentioned that although there were records going back to 1908, not much progress appeared to have been made in organising the beekeepers of Sussex until 1938, when decentralisation took place and the divisional organisations were set up.

There were now nine divisions united through the county organisation with the S.E. Federation and the B.B.K.A., giving access to the members to the Ministry of Agriculture. Mr. Lock spoke of the educational and library facilities now open to the members and of projected courses of instruction leading up to examinations of an expert nature.

P.O.: "Hey, don't spit on that deck!"
A.B.: "Whassamatter. Does it leak?"

Wangling Words No. 571

- 1. Behead a fashion and get a poem.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it. Lal mite dunows shale.
- 3. What European capital has K for the exact middle of its name?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: If your — pinches, try wearing lighter —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 570

- 1. S-tick.
- 2. There's many a slip twixt cup and lip.
- 3. ViENna.
- 4. Never, nerve.

JANE

When God Laughs

(Continued from Page 2)

devised. You have no chance to win.

"But I did not cry to them. I waited. They would learn that their system was worthless and throw it away. They would be content with whatever happiness the gods gave them and not strive to wrest more away."

"I watched. I said nothing. The months continued to come and go, and still the famine-edge of their love grew the sharper."

"Never did they dull it with a permitted love-clasp. They ground and whetted it on self-denial, the sharper and sharper it grew. This went on until even I doubted. Did the gods sleep? I wondered. Or were they dead? I laughed to myself. The man and the woman had made a miracle. They had outwitted God."

They had shamed the flesh, and blackened the face of good

Earth Mother. They had played with her fire and not been burned. They were immune. They were themselves gods, knowing good from evil and tasting not. 'Was this the way gods came to be?' I asked myself. 'I am a frog,' I said. 'But for my mud-lidded eyes I should have been blinded by the brightness of this wonder I have witnessed. I have puffed myself up with my wisdom and passed judgment upon gods.'

"Yet even in this, my latest wisdom, I was wrong. They were not gods. They were man and woman—soft clay that sighed and thrilled, shot through with desire, thumbled with strange weaknesses which the gods have not."

Carquinez broke from his narrative to roll another cigarette and to laugh harshly. It was not a pretty laugh; it was like the mockery of a devil,

and it rose and rode the roar of the storm that came muffled to our ears from the crashing outside world.

"Never was lovers' ecstasy like theirs."

"And the flame-winged lute-player fanned them with his warm wings till they were all but swooning. It was the very delirium of Love, and it continued undiminished and increasing through the weeks and months."

"They longed and yearned, with all the fond pangs and sweet delicious agonies, with an intensity never felt by lovers before nor since."

"And then one day the drowsy gods ceased nodding. They aroused and looked at the man and woman who had made a mock of them. And the man and woman looked into each other's eyes one morning and knew that something was gone. It was the flame-winged one. He had fled, silently, in the

night, from their anchorites' board.

"They looked into each other's eyes and knew that they did not care. Desire was dead. Do you understand? Desire was dead. And they had never kissed. Not once had they kissed."

"Love was gone. They would never yearn and burn again. For them there was nothing left—no more tremblings and flutterings and delicious anguish, no more throbbing and pulsing, and sighing and song. Desire was dead. It had died in the night, on a couch cold and unattended; nor had they witnessed its passing in time in each other's eyes."

"The gods may not be kind, but they are often merciful. They had twirled the little ivory ball and swept the stakes from the table. All that remained was the man and woman gazing into each other's cold eyes."

"And then he died. That was a mercy."

"Within a week Marvin Fiske

board.

accident. And in her diary, written at this time, I long afterwards read Mitchell Kennerly's:—

"There was not a single hour

We might have kissed and did not kiss."

"Oh, the irony of it!" I cried out.

And Carquinez, in the fire-light a veritable Mephistopheles in velvet jacket, fixed me with his black eyes.

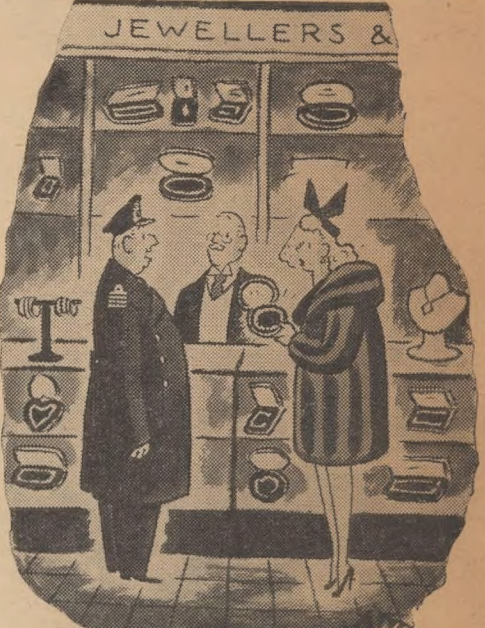
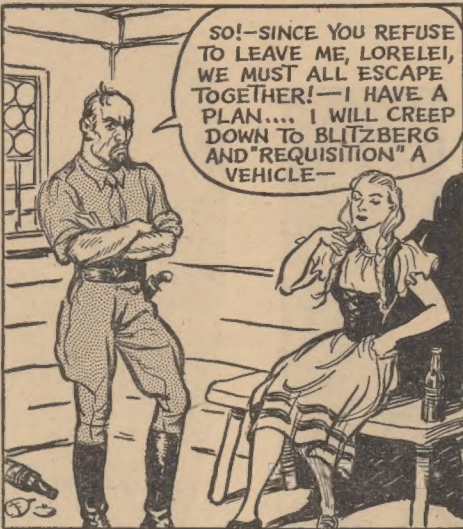
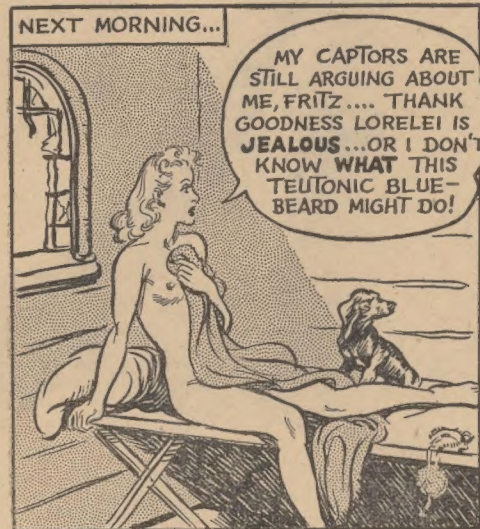
"And they won, you said? The world's judgment! I have told you, and I know. They won as you are winning, here in your hills."

"But you," I demanded hotly; "you with your orgies of sound and sense, with your mad cities and madder frolics—bethink you that you win?"

He shook his head slowly.

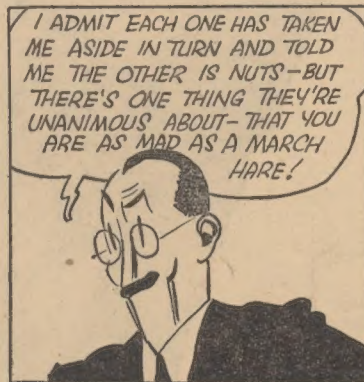
"Because you, with your sober bucolic regime, lose, is no reason that I should win. We never win. Sometimes we think we win. That is a little pleasantry of the gods."

THE END.

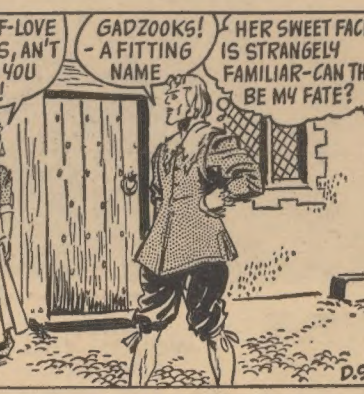


... And if I ask you for a kiss in the taxi on the way home, don't say 'What for?'

RUGGLES

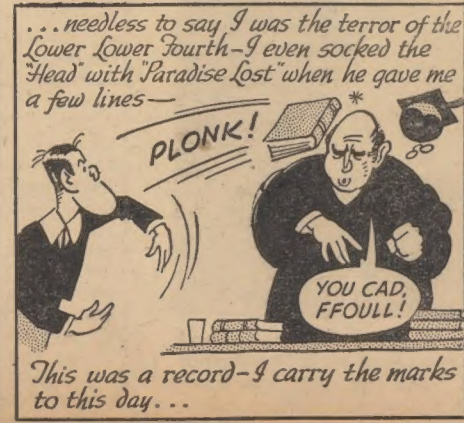


GARTH



JUST JAKE

The Lower Lower Fourth was a real home from home. The desks were handsomely carved by generations of dashed dunces—and there was always a fight goin'!



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Request. 4 Tire. 7 Fire fighters. 10 Load-carrier. 13 Cold. 14 Balance. 15 Inside. 17 Flower-holder. 18 New York. 19 Mediterranean island. 22 And in France. 23 Beetles. 25 Baronet's title. 27 Gained. 28 Fodder. 30 Colour. 32 Even poetically. 33 Train-stopper (two words). 37 Alternative. 38 In good time. 39 Small. 40 Scold. 41 Notice.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Canvas shelters. 2 Worn smooth. 3 Retained. 4 Insect. 5 Sailor. 6 Hiatus. 7 Tune. 8 Ditch. 9 Amiable. 11 Start of era. 12 Pirate. 16 Improvement. 20 Inexperienced. 21 Number. 23 Public nursery. 24 Outs. 26 Angry. 29 Leg joint. 31 Proper. 32 Age. 33 Promise. 34 Vase. 35 Entreat. 36 Potato leaf-bud.

Good Morning

PREPARING TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DIVORCEE.

"I've got to get me an education. That's what a girl needs these days. What with these complicated laws respecting alimony, a girl just wouldn't have a thousand or two to bless herself with, if she didn't catch up with her studying."



"I'll huff and I'll puff
and I'll blow your
walls down"

Sinuous Dolores Moran plays in "The Horn Blows at Midnight." When you learn that it's Jack Benny blowing the horn you'll understand why Dolores takes precautions. Though, personally, it wouldn't have been our eardrums we'd have worried about, Dolores!



We seem to remember another "White Horse Inn" that they made quite a song and dance about. But that one was in the Austrian Tyrol. And, speaking for ourselves, we hereby announce that we would be willing to swap all the casks of Imperial Tokay in those famous cellars for a barrel of English bitter propped in the cool recesses behind the four-ale bar of this White Horse Inn at Kersey, in silly Suffolk.



And, talking of Imperial Tokay, the last time we supped this over-rated beverage it was served by a Hungarian lass as charming as this one. We can hear the frou-frou of her swishing petticoats still.

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

These three charming young things were the finalists in a Beauty Contest held recently at the Rutland Picture House in Edinburgh. The audience finally chose the winner. Had YOU been there, who would have got your vote? Have you made up your mind? Well—the winner was 17-year-old Catherine Laing, on the left.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Fools step in where angels fear to tread."

